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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE CITIZENS OF KNOXVILLE,

ON

THE 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1842,



THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN.

BY THOS. W. HUMES.

KNOXVILLE, TEN.:

PUBLISHED BY E. G. EASTMAN.

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1842.

KNOXVILLE, Feb. 10, 1842.

T. W. HUMES, Esq. :

Sir:—The undersigned, Committee of Arrangements for celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of Knoxville, tender you their thanks for the very interesting address you delivered before your fellow-townsmen on the occasion, and request a copy for publication.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,

E. ALEXANDER,

G. M. HAZEN,

E. G. EASTMAN,

JAMES WILLIAMS,

HU: L. McCLUNG,

JOHN WILLIAMS,

} *Com. of Arrangements.*

KNOXVILLE, Feb. 10, 1842.

GENTLEMEN:—A copy of the Address delivered on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of Knoxville, in compliance with your request, is placed in your hands for publication.

With sentiments of esteem,

I am, yours respectfully,

THOS. W. HUMES.

E. ALEXANDER } *Committee.*
and others. }

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ADDRESS.

WE have assembled, fellow-citizens, to celebrate an event of fifty years ago. To the aged men and matrons in our midst, it may seem but as yesterday, so brief are the measures of time that belong to our past lives; but to the young, exulting in vigorous life and revelling in the rich promises of hope, half a century is full long enough to throw around the occurrences which marked its advent, all that deep, perhaps melancholy, interest, that attaches to the history of the olden time. The actions of the wise, the brave, the good of the past, appear to us, through the dim vista of many years, with a placid radiance—not dazzling into blind admiration, but exciting tranquil delight mingled with reverence. We look upon them, not as we look upon the actions of living, breathing men around us. The actors themselves have gone from the earth—are forever disrobed of their humanity—have passed away into the illimitable future, of which life and death in their highest, most imperishable forms, are the elements. They are not of us nor with us; and as one cycle of years is followed by another, since they knew death, they seem farther and farther removed from and beyond us, and we linger over their deeds with still stronger emotions of awe. What if the feeling be unfavorable to the indulgence of a cold and severe criticism of their character and works? *They* may surely be allowed some freedom from the lash of our censoriousness, when the teeming world around us and our individual lives, are so loud and frequent in their calls for its application. The quaint expression of my Lord Bacon, in the legacy of his “name and memory to men’s charitable speeches,” aptly conveys the universal trust bequeathed the living by the dead, and it is but justice that we deal with it generously.

Fifty years ago! How crowded, to the living remnants of a departed generation, now within these walls, is the half century, that is gone, with pleasant and bitter remembrances! And yet if truly wise, even as they look upon the images of broken hopes and violated resolutions and severed affections that so throng its silent avenues, they cannot wish that the waters of Lethe be rolled over it, for those very resolutions and hopes and affections have taught them a lesson of stern import, which they have treasured in their hearts. Blot out the Past! to them! and they are robbed of the richest solace of their age, except in the hopes they may have garnered up in Heaven. It is indeed more familiar to them than the Present. The things of yesterday they may forget, when those of long time ago have a vividness to their mind’s eye, that is forcibly illustrative of the recreative power of memory. See that venerable

man as he bends over his desolate hearth-stone! In the beautiful language of Scripture, so expressive of physical decay, "the keepers of his house tremble" and "those that look out of his windows are darkened." His ears are closed forever to the voice of human sympathy. Wife—children—friends—all gone! Like the once cheerful fire that burned at his side, they have left him with their dust and ashes. He is alone but not solitary. See! his countenance radiant with joy; his lips murmur inarticulate sounds. *He is communing with the dead!* Once more the forms of departed friends pass before him—once more he catches the smile of his wife—once more the merry laughter of his little ones rings in his ears. Memory has brought the shadowy throng around him and filled his chamber with the music of the loved and lost.

The past has indeed a charm to the old, that they only can appreciate; and to those who mingled in the early scenes of Knoxville, and who yet linger upon the stage, the occurrences of to-day cannot but be gratifying. Standing almost isolated from their former associates, in the midst of a new generation, even the *public* events of their youth, with many of which the mystic chain of association may have indissolubly bound their hearts, seem in some sense their especial property. To those who are yet in the summer of life, those events will have a different interest—perhaps fewer attractions. When the pulse beats strong and full and the heart is thrillingly alive to the excitements of the present, the past engages but an occasional emotion, unless from its deep bosom, the terrible shape of some huge misfortune or fearful crime, rears itself aloft and throws its baleful shadows forever on the path. With the young and the mature, now, like an ever-gaping Maelstrom, swallows up so many thoughts, that few are spared even from the busiest workings of the brain. Wealth must be hoarded, as often under the spur of emulation as the love of gain. The fierce impulses of Ambition, seldom lofty in its nature or tangible in its purpose, must be obeyed; and the calls of every hungry passion, too often complete and preserve the tumult of the mind.

It is honorable to you, my fellow-citizens, to stop awhile, as you have to-day, the current of your busy cares and unite in celebrating the birth of the place, consecrated to you as the theatre of your childhood's pastimes or of your "manhood's joy and mourning, conquest and loss:" at least, endeared to you by all the clinging ties of home, family, and friends. The mistress of the world had her *natalis urbe*, and before the pride of conquest and the lust of power had eaten into her heart, her citizens shed no blood in the sacrifices of the day. If, catching the spirit that prompted their rejection of all that might defile the solemnity of such an occasion, *we* have come together, banishing all party animosities and jealousies, as impure and unworthy of admission to the scene, it may be that the act of their burial, even if it be but temporary, will give a new spring to the prosperity of Knoxville and date an important era in its history.

On the 7th of August, 1790, William Blount, of North Carolina, received his commission as Governor of the Territory south of the river Ohio, by appointment of President Washington, and arrived in the

country in the following October. It is probable he took up his residence in the vicinity of this place, then covered with a thicket of brushwood, early in '91. A manuscript narrative of an old soldier, who with a company of militia on their way to Cumberland, encamped for six weeks about that time near the creek west of town—where, according to his account, the soldiers wrestled so much as to give the place the name of Scuffle-town, which it yet bears,—mentions the encampment of John Watts and Double Head before the cabin of Gov. Blount, then standing on the knoll between the hill on which East Tennessee University now is and the river. The treaty of Holston concluded with the Cherokees on the 2d of July, '91, was held on the bank of the river at the foot of Water street, where a few rude shanties were erected for the reception of Government stores; and in the words of an ancient act, "Gov. Blount having determined to fix the seat of Government on the spot," "it was deemed expedient there to establish a town," which was "accordingly laid out in February, '92, immediately below the second creek that runs into Holston on the north side below the mouth of French Broad, by James White," original proprietor of the soil, "and called Knoxville, in honor of Maj. General Henry Knox, then Secretary of War." It will be observed that this determination of Gov. Blount, is given in the act, as *the reason par excellence*, for the establishment of the town, and most sufficient reason was it. Whether it be esteemed weighty enough to have satisfied the speculating wise-acres of 1836-7, who laid out cities in swamps and primitive forests that they had never seen and bought and sold them at ever-increasing premiums, or considered so trivial as to be classed with the insignificant causes that have so often decided more important events in all ages of the world, it was certainly respectful to His Excellency thus to honor his head quarters, as well as politic, by adding to the extrinsic dignity of his official character in the eyes of the savages. We might stop to speculate upon the motives which prompted the Governor to fix upon this spot for his seat of Government, and inquire if the reasons which moved his decision, have not since multiplied in number and force and should not be equally operative with our present law-givers; but it would scarcely be apposite to our purpose. His Excellency may not have been able to adopt the assertion of Themistocles the Athenian, who, when asked in raillery at a feast to play upon the lute, replied he "could not fiddle, but he could make a small town a great city?" yet is unquestionable, that to his single will we mainly owe the existence of our town, when if it had been put to vote after republican usage, it might not have been, or if it had, been any where else than "immediately below the mouth of Second creek." The only inhabitants of the town at the time of its establishment, were John Chisolm, Mr. McLemee, Hugh Dunlap, now living at Paris in this State, and Samuel and Nathaniel Cowan. The first kept a tavern; Mr. Dunlap and the Messrs. Cowan sold merchandize. It was not until the 11th of June, '92, that Knox county was established by an ordinance issued by the Governor.

His Excellency being sincerely devoted to the interests of the country and anxious that all important intelligence should be promptly brought to the knowledge of the people, induced the immigration of Mr. Roul-

stone, a printer, who arrived in the country with the materials of his trade in '91. Knoxville at that time having no existence beyond a prospective one based upon the Governor's intention, the disciple of Faust halted at Rogersville and in that place, on the 5th of November, '91, issued the first number of the Knoxville Gazette. By this wilful anachronism, not only was Knoxville anticipated in its existence by several months, but in the exigency of the occasion, was forced into an ideal being and given a local habitation for the nonce in the village of Rogersville. The office was, however, soon removed to Knoxville itself, and Rogersville relieved from its ambiguous position and the constructive imputation, that not content with its proper name, it had usurped the title of the embryo seat of Government.

The "Gazette" was the first paper published within the limits of the present State of Tennessee, and flourished its diminutive proportions every week, no doubt much to the gratification of its subscribers. It was rather dingy of hue and scanty in its allowance of matter for intellectual regalement, but even had its readers been possessed of the enormous swallows of the public now-a-days, enabling them to gulp down with perfect listlessness any imaginable quantity of literary trifles, they had no leisure for the indulgence, from their necessary avocations and almost perpetual strife with the savages. Mr. Roulstone continued its publication for many years, and performed in the intermediate time all the duties of Printer to the Territorial and State Governments. The patronage thus enjoyed, would however scarcely excite the envy of the modern practisers of his art, as the entire cost of the Acts and Journals of '92, was only six hundred dollars, in consideration of which sum, all proclamations and other public acts of the Government were also printed. Regarded as the pioneer of newspapers in the country, the Gazette engages an interest which its intrinsic merits would not obtain. Solitary and alone in the midst of an extensive territory, its adventitious importance was necessarily considerable. The publisher was a man of rather more than ordinary capacity, but seldom ventured opinions, confining himself to the mere easy and ordinary duty of chronicling passing events. The time was one of constant physical action and the people were too much engrossed with the labors of the field and the terrible perils that environed them, to pay much heed to the strife of opinion throughout the Union, with regard to the powers of the Federal Government. Not that they were insensible to the importance of grave political questions. To the enduring truths promulged in the Declaration of Independence, their consciences eloquently responded. Their love of country had all the fixedness of a principle and all the ardor of a passion. How unlike in this, to too many of our own day, who regard it in the severe light of a duty: not murmuring indeed at its imposition, but still entertaining it as some men hold their marriage ties—cherishing their wives from motives of conventional propriety and not with the pure unbidden gushings-forth of the heart. We know it is a custom to sneer at all delineations of the lofty patriotism of our countrymen of the last century which contrast so strongly with the lack of vitality in that of our contemporaries, as the work of flippant fancy; but we doubt if the representation ever surpasses justice. If it be an illusion, we would

not have it destroyed. We love to contemplate their glowing zeal—their never-ceasing care—their almost paternal tenderness for their country. There is something ennobling in the picture. We think better of humanity as we dwell upon it, and better of our race. It reflects a charm upon our country itself that attracts towards her the best affections of her children; for the object that can absorb such care and tenderness and zeal, must indeed be worthy. But it is not an illusion. The men of old cherished a patriotism that stands out in bold relief, like the piety of primitive christians. They loved their country, not merely under the impulse of duty. She appeared to them in all the freshness and beauty of a virgin bride, and the full tide of their affections was poured out at her feet. Oh! if every American could catch a spark of the fervid spirit that burned in their breasts, what magnificence of spectacle would the Republic present!

Notwithstanding the pledges of perpetual amity made by the Cherokees at the Treaty of Holston, they very soon afterwards gave decided evidences of hostility. The Government, being well aware of the constitutional propensity of the savages to deck their persons and wigwams with the proofs of their skill and courage, in the shape of scalp-locks, was apprehensive that the news of St. Clair's defeat by the Northwestern Indians in November, '91, would stimulate the Southern tribes to arms. Whether influenced by that disaster or not, the Cherokees of the five lower towns, lying Northwest of Chattanooga mountain, early in '92, declared for war, having first indulged themselves with the amusements of a scalp-dance and an eagle-tail dance, which were of course performed in a very bloody humor and in utter contempt of the spirit in which such entertainments are conducted in civilized life. The Little Turkey, Principal Chief, was by no means disposed to wink at this premature turbulence, and in the heat of his anger, promptly proscribed the dancers from all intercourse with the rest of the nation.—The white men were not however satisfied of Little Turkey's ability, whatever may have been their opinion of his disposition, to enforce upon his refractory subjects a non-intercourse law that would include Christian settlements; and prudently took measures for their own defence.—The result proved that they had not misconceived their danger. The savages commenced their predatory warfare early in the Spring. The white man was shot down at his plough by an unseen Land;—children gathering berries were tomahawked and scalped; the quiet family were roused at midnight by a war-whoop and the morning sun looked down upon their butchered forms and the smoking ruins of their dwellings.—A terrible apprehension hung round every fire side. As the marauders only prowled through the country in petty bands, they confined their depredations to solitary houses, the way-farer and the laborer in the field, but their approaches to Knoxville were, in many instances, too close not to beget a mistrust of safety in the infant town.

The Treaty of Holston provided for the delivery of certain valuable goods to the Cherokees and the annual payment to them of a thousand dollars; but in the following December, the President was unexpectedly visited by an embassy headed by Bloody Fellow, intent, among other objects, upon the substitution of fifteen hundred dollars in goods for the

thousand in money. This request was granted and the ambassadors returned home accompanied by a United States agent with about thirty five hundred dollars of personal presents to the Chiefs, warriors, and interpreters, and seventeen hundred of goods. The division of this treasure was to take place at Coyatee in May, '92, and so pressing were the solicitations of the Chiefs to Gov. Blount to honor it with his presence, that he at length consented. Never met man with more complimentary reception, than that given to His Excellency by the delighted savages, whose animal spirits were elevated to fever heat by the goodly array of cloths and beads. Even the warriors of the lower towns could not absent themselves from the enticing ceremony, but made their appearance with their hands clean-washed of the blood of their recent slaughters and their faces in the very interesting dress of a ground of black paint sprinkled over with flour in token that they "had been at war, but were now for peace." The Governor's Address, filled with just complaints and closed with a demand for the restitution of prisoners, was answered by the breath of Nickajack with a profusion of promises; and the Hanging Maw followed with an announcement of the grand national council to be held at the beloved Eustanaula in thirty nights, when Bloody Fellow, otherwise General Eskaqua by appointment of President Washington, would render a report of his recent visit to Philadelphia.

Before that time arrived, important influences changed the temper of the Chiefs. The Spanish authorities in Florida and Louisiana had watched with much jealousy the extension of our settlements in the valley of the Mississippi; and while the Government of the United States was constant in its efforts to cultivate terms of amity with them, they did not hesitate under the pretence of compliance with their treaties with the Indians, to furnish them with arms and ammunition for their frequent forays. John Watts was met a few miles distant from Coyatee upon his departure from that place, by an Indian runner who delivered him a letter addressed to himself and Bloody Fellow, from Mr. Panton, a British merchant in Pensacola, who had realized immense gains from the Indians and whose interest urged him to encourage them to hostilities with the Americans, as in that event his traffic would be enlarged. The letter invited them in the name of O'Neal, Governor of Florida, to visit Pensacola with ten pack-horses, promising them arms and ammunition from the Governor and goods from Panton to the extent of their wants. The wily trader, in a personal interview with Little Turkey, tempted him with similar inducements, and not altogether unsuccessfully. The letter of Panton was written from the house of McDonald, a Scotch resident in the nation, to which place Watts instantly departed, and being furnished with a letter from McDonald to Gov. O'Neal, started without delay for Pensacola. Bloody Fellow accompanied him but a short distance. The Eustanaula council on the 23d of June was called with an especial view to his presence, but he failed to be there. Little Turkey however was present, and in the captious spirit which the tampering of the Spanish agents had imparted him, advanced a claim with regard to a boundary line that had never before been arrogated. No reply was made by the council to the letter of Gov. Blount which was laid before

it, proposing the appointment of commissioners to extend and mark the line agreeably to the Treaty of Holston. On the 26th of October, the day proposed, Judge Campbell, Chas. McClung, and Jno. McKee attended on the part of the United States, but the Cherokees were unrepresented and the line was run without being marked.

Upon Watts's return in August from Pensacola, Gov. Blount invited him in courteous style to visit Knoxville, but he treated the request with entire neglect and proceeded to Will's town, where the Cherokees were assembling from all quarters to hear his report and recreate themselves with a green-corn dance. Watts addressed them, told of his visit to Florida, lauded the Spaniards, denounced the Americans, and advised war. Bloody Fellow replied in opposition. "Look!" said he, "at that flag. Don't you see the stars in it? They are not towns; they are nations." Upon dispersing for a short time, the young fellows, who as Watts said "were always wanting to go to war," reduced their persons to a condition of comparative nudity, and modestly covering the naked parts with black paint, commenced a war-dance, which they prolonged throughout the night. This ebullition of feeling no doubt had its influence, unless all demagogues have white faces. The next day the debate was renewed and much enlivened by the speech of a Shawnee, who gave his auditors the gratifying information that he had killed three hundred men and the time was come that he should kill three hundred more. The war-dance was resumed after a declaration for war by the council, and continued until dawn around the United States flag, upon the stars of which, the warriors, as if in contempt of Bloody Fellow's poetical allusion, occasionally tried their skill as marksmen. Indeed he seemed so to construe it, for he threatened them with violence unless they desisted. The next day the council met by adjournment at Lookout Mountain town. The party numbered six hundred. Calculating upon an accession of two or three hundred, it was resolved to form four equal divisions, attack and desolate the Holston settlements as high up as the big island of that river, then scatter in small companies and perform the same offices upon the French Broad settlements up to its head; but on the ensuing day the direction of their purposes was changed, perhaps from caprice, to the Cumberland settlements. Two days were given for preparations for the incursion. But alas! for the inconstancy of savage virtue. A few hours elapsed and they "put an enemy in their mouths that stole away their brains." The same day on which John Watts arrived in Pensacola, witnessed the departure from the place of another Cherokee Chief who delighted in the significant name of Unacatahe or White-Man Killer. Stopping at his own house just long enough to enlist the company of his wife for a new journey, he came on with her to Knoxville and feasted with the perfect non-chalance of an intimate friend upon the hospitality of Gov. Blount at his own house for ten consecutive days. He made no professions of business but abundant professions of friendship. In regard to the results of his observation at Pensacola, he was uniformly silent, and equally so as to the object of his visit to Knoxville. It is not improbable that he was delegated by Watts to spy out the nakedness of the place and that the company of his help-mate was intended to cover his purposes of espial from

the white-man's eye. He at length departed with a canoe laden with whiskey, and on the same day on which his tawny brethren determined in council at Lookout Mountain town upon their attack on the Cumberland settlements, Unacatahe landed with his liquid treasure at the mouth of Lookout Mountain creek, fifteen miles distant. The news of his arrival soon reached the council-men and a deputation was instantly started for the fire-water. Of course there was no talk the next day and no preparations for the proposed irruption, for the warriors with few exceptions were stupid with intoxication, and the idea of an immediate inroad was altogether abandoned. Deraque, a Frenchman, and Finnelston, a half-breed, were sent forward to Nashville, with a promise to return in ten nights with a report of the country's condition for defence. Had Unacatahe represented Knoxville and the adjoining settlements as open to attack, the arms of the party would no doubt have been turned against them. But he seems to have left here with very strong impressions of the belligerent qualities of the citizens; for a blow received in a drunken fray at a tavern, he magnified into a dreadful beating and garnished with threats from the townsmen to shoot him, and these imaginary evils were made the subject of a formal complaint from the Glass to the Governor. Deraque and Finnelston had assumed the capacity of spies, with the intention to put the whites upon their guard; and on their arrival at Nashville, they made a full disclosure to Gen. Robertson of the designs of the savages and informed him of the resolution of the council to write letters to Gov. Blount in a pacific spirit, to deceive him as to their purposes. This fact Robertson communicated to Blount by express, but it did not reach Knoxville until the Governor had received and acted upon the fraudulent letters, one of which came from Bloody Fellow, in whom he had reposed much confidence. The warriors at Lookout Mountain town, however, did not wait the return of their faithless emissaries to Cumberland, but after recovering from the effects of the fire-water from Knoxville, dispersed, and only two hundred of them, headed by John Watts, were found with the formidable band of Creeks, shortly afterwards repulsed from Buchanan's Station. Watts was severely wounded, and upon partial convalescence,—disappointed and chagrined, and moved by the apprehension which was prevalent among the Cherokees that Gen. Sevier with his entire brigade then under arms would enter the nation and destroy their villages, sent a delegation to Gov. Blount with pacific assurances. They arrived at Knoxville on the 5th of January, '93, and after a stay of ten days, returned under the protection of an escort. The instructions to Gov. Blount from the War Department authorized him to keep the militia in service only during the existence of immediate danger, and as he was led by present appearances to indulge hopes of quiet to the settlements, he discharged all the troops at Knoxville, leaving but one company of infantry and twenty-five horsemen of Sevier's brigade in service. But the ravages of the Indians, principally Creeks, in small parties, knew no abatement, and the people were goaded and harassed almost to frenzy. The Federal Government was unwilling in the midst of a fierce contest with the Northern tribes to enter into war with those of the South, and was positive in its refusal to Gov. Blount's request for

vigorous offensive operations, against the Creeks and Lower Cherokees. Bitter were the complaints of the frontier settlers against a policy, which appeared to hold their lives and property as of trifling value, and eager were they, upon the occurrence of some fresh horror, to pursue the enemy to his own hunting grounds and there take their revenge. In several instances, they assembled in large parties for this purpose and in one, at Gamble's Station, were only dispersed by a proclamation of the Governor. In these days, when the spirit of disorder is so rife as to threaten with violence the very foundations of society, it would be dangerous perhaps, even if consistent with a dutiful reverence for the law, to apologise for such ebullitions of passion.

The early inhabitants of the country were gifted in an eminent degree with a high-toned spirit of independence. It was this, when suffering acutely under a sense of wrong, that led them to spurn the injustice, real or imaginary, of their rulers, and to the formation of the short-lived State of Franklin. And although liable to excesses, when coupled with a sensitive heart or inflammable imagination, yet under the tutelage of an enlightened reason and discreet will, no ingredient of human character is more noble or laudable. We would detract nothing from its merit nor extenuate aught of its perversions. The President, although unable to meet the wishes of the borderers in regard to offensive operations, was sedulous to cultivate a friendly temper among the Indians, and in the prosecution of his efforts to this end, requested Gov. Blount to invite the Cherokees to send a deputation with him to Philadelphia. He accordingly held a conference with them at Henry's Station on the 17th of April, when he earnestly pressed them to a compliance with the President's request, but they declined a decision at the time and warily procrastinated it until it was useless.

Shortly afterwards an event occurred which occasioned sincere regret to his excellency and to the people of Knoxville. The Chickasaws had been the fast friends of the Americans and many of them had fought gallantly under our flag. To the Shawnees they were highly obnoxious and the deputation from that nation, which visited the Creeks and Cherokees in January, '93, to excite them to war with the United States, as they passed through the Cherokee Territory, were vehement in their threats of ruin upon the Chickasaws, for the aid they had rendered the army of St. Clair. The Creeks, too, regarded them with bitter feelings, and a recent occasion of quarrel had fanned the flame of resentment and kindled a war that promised to be unusually ferocious. The Creeks were numerous and powerful. The Chickasaws were brave, but too few, unaided, to contend successfully with their haughty and insolent foes; and in the emergency of the case they called upon the white-men for help, and reminded them of their mutual agreement to be as one man in regard to both enemies and friends. It was of course politic, as it was a matter of gratitude and good faith, to avoid any cause of offence to a tribe that had proved its friendship in all times of danger and was now involved in a war, originating from the relations in which that friendship had placed them. Two Chickasaws who were at Gov. Blount's on a visit, went with a Cherokee who was attached to their company into the woods to look after their horses. About six hundred

yards from the Governor's house they were fired upon by some dastardly whites to whom it was supposed the Cherokee was odious, and one of the Chickasaws received a mortal wound. He died the next day, and just before expiring, desired, with much magnanimity, of his companions, that satisfaction should be taken only upon his murderer. Aware of the morbid sensitiveness and clannish spirit of the Indians, and no doubt truly sorry for the occurrence, Gov. Blount was solicitous that such respect should be paid to the remains of the deceased, as might efface from the minds of his brethren the evil impressions which the manner of his death would create. He was buried with military honors,—the Governor walking with the brother of the departed warrior at the head of the funeral procession as chief mourners—followed by a large number of the citizens of the town and adjacent country. The regret and indignation was general. A reward of a hundred dollars was proclaimed by his excellency for the detection of the offenders, and mounted men scoured the country in search of them. The injured manes of the Chickasaw slept quietly and his aggrieved countrymen, accepting the honor rendered his dead body and the assurances of the white-men's sympathy, in the spirit with which they were tendered, banished all thoughts of resentment, and the bonds of national amity were as strong as before. Notwithstanding, the influence of the event upon the disaffected among the Cherokees,—several of that nation being here at the time who did not fail upon their return to rumor so gross a violation of the laws of hospitality,—was necessarily unfortunate. An outrage as little susceptible of palliation followed close upon the heels of that which we have related, and furnished the turbulent men of the lower towns an excuse for retaliation that was not neglected. Prior to Gov. Blount's departure for Philadelphia, a party of Indians murdered Mr. Gilham and his son in the neighborhood of Bullrun block house, sixteen miles from Knoxville, and Maj. Beard with a company of fifty six men was despatched in pursuit of the marauders, under instructions not to cross the Tennessee river. These orders were transgressed and about day-break of the 12th of June, they reached the house of Hanging Maw, where a number of Cherokees had assembled by invitation of the Government, for purposes of business with Maj. King and Danl. Carmichael. In the blindness of their rage, Beard's men attacked the party, killed several, including Hanging Maw's wife, wounded the old chief himself, and only desisted from burning the house at the earnest instance of King and Carmichael. On being informed of this violence, Smith, the Secretary of State, Gov. Blount being absent, wrote from Knoxville to the Hanging Maw and other Chiefs, urging them not to take redress into their own hands, but to visit their great father, the President, and he would give them satisfaction. The reply of the Hanging Maw is too good to be lost. It betrays much perturbation of feeling; and his contempt for the Secretary is so overflowing, that it finds vent in almost every other sentence. But he lamentably wants versatility of language.

“COYATEE, JUNE 15th, 1793.

“Friend and Brother:—It is but a few days since you were left in the place of Governor Blount. While he was in place, nothing happened.

Surely they are making their fun of you. Surely you are no head-man nor warrior. I am just informed you will take satisfaction for me, and I shall reckon it just the same as if I had taken it myself. I reckon you are afraid of these thieves, when you talk of sending to Congress. If you are left in the place of Governor you ought to take satisfaction yourself. It was but a few days since I was at your house, and you told me that nothing should happen to me nor any people at my house; but since that, blood has been spilt at both our houses. I reckon that the white people are just making their fun of you. Governor Blount always told me that nothing should happen me as long as I did live, but he had scarcely got out of sight until I was invaded by them, and like to have got killed. I think you are afraid of these bad men. They first killed the Chiakasaws at your house, and this is the second time of their doing mischief. I think you are afraid of them. When is the day that a white man was killed at my house? I think the white men make fun of you. Now, blood is spilt at both our houses by your people. I think they are making fun of you and won't listen to your talks."

Smith, under the strong impression that avowed war was now inevitable, renewed the orders given by the Governor some weeks previous, to hold one third of the militia of Washington district constantly prepared to march to the defence of the frontiers. A court-martial was ordered for the trial of Beard, but no punishment was ever inflicted upon him. The feelings of the borderers were now exasperated by the continued ravages of the Indians, to a point that mocked at longer forbearance, and parties of armed volunteers assembled and marched into the Cherokee nation in defiance of the remonstrances of the Secretary. One of these, consisting of a hundred and eighty men, returned from an incursion against the Indians on the 13th of August, and the statements which the prisoners they had taken concurred in making, that almost the entire nation was gathering to the council at Eustanaula, preparatory to an inroad upon the Holston settlements, confirmed the prevalent apprehension of danger. The cry was raised for preparations for defence, and many reproaches were uttered against the authorities for their apparent supineness. It was known to the savages that a quantity of goods and ammunition was in store at Knoxville, and the general impression was entertained that it would be made the object of attack. The Governor was still absent and the militia of the upper counties under Sevier was not expected until September.

Since April, the Spaniards had made professions of amicable interference between the United States and the Indians, but were either insincere, or fickle in their policy; for it is unquestionable that they did not hesitate to incite the latter to the proposed descent upon the Holston settlements, which contemplated the destruction of Knoxville. Revenge for the affair at the Hanging Maw's was made the ostensible reason for the inroad, and was so mentioned in the letters of Spanish agents and applauded as a laudable motive.

On the 12th of September, Jaudenes, with the approval of the Baron de Carondelet, Spanish Governor at New Orleans, transmitted instructions to Governor White at Pensacola to furnish the Cherokees with seven hundred pounds of powder and fourteen hundred of ball for this

intended foray. Little Turkey, who no longer previous than the 5th of June had written to Gov. Blount, that at a recent meeting with an embassy from the "Northward Indians," he had answered their allusion to the readiness of Spanish aid, by roundly declaring that the Spaniards "was a lying, deceitful, treacherous people,—was not real white people, and what few he had seen of them looked like mulattoes;"—this same veritable Little Turkey was the bearer of Jaudenes' letter. The agency of the Baron de Carondalet was afterwards admitted by Messrs. Jaudenes and Viar, Spanish Commissioners, in a communication to Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, and defended upon the ground of the treaties of '84 between the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Talapuches and the Government of Spain; and the apology would have some speciousness, if by any process of diplomatic magic the independent nation of Cherokees could be transformed into a tributary of either of those tribes. Three fourths of the savages assembled for the incursion were Creeks; one hundred were horsemen. According to Haywood, their march was delayed until the receipt of the ammunition from Florida.

Their entire number has been variously estimated, from nine to fifteen hundred, but was most probably about the latter. Secretary Smith, in his report of the invasion to the Secretary of War, states that in many places they marched in files of twenty-eight abreast, each of which was supposed to be composed of forty men, but afterwards declares the estimate too low. Knoxville, the object of plunder and ruin to this formidable band, and which the news of its coming had reached, could at that time muster but forty fighting men; but these forty were no cravens to fly at the approach of danger, even though it presented itself in the terrible shape in which it then menaced them. Here were their homes, their families, their all; and with an alacrity and zeal worthy of the crisis, they prepared to defend their firesides. A knowledge of Indian cunning, with other reasons, induced them to conclude that the approach of the savages to the town would not be made by the main western road, but in a more northern and circuitous direction; and they determined to meet them on the ridge, over which the road to Clinton now passes, about a mile and a half from town, and there by a skilful arrangement of their little company, check their march, and, if possible, alarm and intimidate them. Leaving the two oldest of their number to mould bullets in the block-house which stood on the spot now occupied by the Mansion House and which contained three hundred guns belonging to the United States, the other thirty-eight proceeded under the command of Col. James White to station themselves on the south side of the ridge we have mentioned, with an interval of twenty feet between each man. Orders were given to reserve their fire until the Indians were brought within the range of every gun, when at a given signal, they were to pour in upon them a well-directed volley, and, before the savages could recover from their surprise, secure their own retreat to the block-house, and there, with their wives, mothers, and children around them, sell their lives at a fearful price, or scatter from the port-holes a shower of leaden hail among the besiegers that would drive them from their banquet of blood. Happily neither of these contingencies awaited

them; for the Indians were so delayed by their own dissensions, that they were unable to reach Knoxville before daylight, and therefore abandoned the attack. This fact, however, detracts nothing from the excellence of the courage—the dauntlessness of the heroism—exhibited by the citizens. The Rev. Mr. Foster, whose elegant pen has recorded an account of the event, justly declared, that “an incident fraught with so much magnanimity in the early fortunes of Knoxville, should not be blotted from the records of her fame. It is an incident on which the memory of her sons will linger without tiring, when the din of party shall be hushed and its strife forgotten. Those men of former days were made of sterner stuff than to shrink from danger at the call of duty. And it will be left to a future historian to do justice to that little band of thirty-eight citizens, who flinched not from the deliberate exposure of their persons in the open field, within the calculated gunshot of fifteen hundred of the fleetest-running and boldest savages.”

The delay of the Indians until the approaching dawn deterred them from their contemplated assault upon the town. This delay was mainly attributable to their differences in consultation upon a point which Providence intended should never come within reach of their decision. Considering the particular purpose of their inroad as certain of accomplishment, the question arose among them, whether they should massacre all the inhabitants of Knoxville or only the men. Hanging Maw, less sanguinary than others, protested earnestly against an indiscriminate slaughter; but the opposition to his clemency lacked nothing in zeal and obstinacy, and the halt was prolonged until they determined it was prudent to forbear the attack. They had indulged, however, with such confidence the expectation that day-break would find their hands filled with reeking scalps, that they could not altogether forego a sacrifice of victims. Cavet's Station, eight miles from Knoxville, near the present resident of Joseph Lonas, was a convenient object for their rapacity. It was the morning of the 25th of September. They had marched all night, excepting the time consumed in fruitless debate, and about sunrise commenced their attack on Cavet's; but were received with such spirited resistance by the three men in the building who alone were armed with guns, that two of their number were soon killed and three others wounded. Their habitual duplicity and cunning were brought into service; and through Bob Bengé, a half-breed who spoke English, a conference was opened with the whites, and assurances given them that their lives should be spared upon surrender and their persons exchanged for Indian prisoners. Cavet and his party, including women and children thirteen in number, consented to the proposals, but had scarcely crossed the threshold of the door, when the ferocious Double Head and his followers fell upon and murdered them all with the exception of a child who was saved by John Watts, taken as a prisoner to the Creek nation, and afterwards tomahawked. It is due to Bob Bengé to state, that he strove to avert their fate. Leaving the Station in flames, the Indians retreated rapidly in the direction of Clinch, for they knew that Gen. Sevier was then at Ish's Station, eighteen miles below Knoxville, with four hundred men under arms, and that the news of their outrage would soon reach his ears, spread over the country, and bring him speedy re-

inforcements. Had they continued to Knoxville it would possibly have become their prey; but as has usually been the case with large parties of Indians, particularly when composed of different tribes, their numbers constituted their weakness,—disunion took the place of harmony essential to success, and the light of day scared them from the consummation of their scheme.

Sevier, acting under orders from Secretary Smith, did not long delay pursuit. Expresses were instantly despatched over the country and a few days brought reinforcements that swelled his command to seven hundred men, which were formed into two divisions,—that from the Washington District under Col. Blair, and the other, from Hamilton District, under Col. Christy. Striking across the Tennessee at one of the upper fords below the mountains, they reached Eustenaula on the Coosa on the 14th of October. Learning there that the Indians under Watts had passed by but a few days previous, on the way from their recent invasion to a town on Hightower; after some delay for refreshment, they pressed on to that place, and on the 17th arrived at the junction of the Hightower or Etowah and Coosa. The savages had entrenched themselves behind the southern bank of the Etowah, opposite the usual ford. Col. Kelly, with a part of the Knox county regiment, was ordered to the attack and attempted a passage half a mile below. The direction of the movement seems to have been taken through an error of the guides, but it operated successfully as a *ruse* in drawing the Indians from their position. Observing this and satisfied of the impracticability of crossing at the lower point, the main body of Kelley's party, under the command of Capt. Evans, dashed up to the ford, crossed the river and ascended the opposite bank in the face of superior numbers of the enemy, who had returned to the spot but not in time to recover their ambush. The savages were repelled with some loss and fled with precipitation. Several Spanish guns were found in their encampment. Sevier's army crossed the Coosa unmolested, and, after destroying several deserted towns lower down the river, returned to Knox county with the loss of only three men. The cessation of hostilities by the Indians which followed, was attributed to their fear of a repetition of this visit. The troops employed in this expedition were refused payment by the Secretary of War, on the ground that it was undertaken without authority from the President and in violation of instructions from the Department of War to Gov. Blount forbidding offensive operations against the Indians. In '96, Hugh L. White, who served the campaign, petitioned Congress for remuneration, with the view of establishing a principle that would apply to all his fellow-soldiers; and in January, '97, Andrew Jackson, from the Committee of the House of Representatives to whom the petition was referred, reported a resolution in favor of provision by law for the payment of the troops.

The feelings of impatience in the Territory, under the forbearing policy of the Government towards the Indians, were given vent to in October by the Grand Jury of Hamilton District, composed of the counties of Knox and Jefferson, in an address to the Governor. They represented the distress and indignation of the people in strong colors;—expressed the hope that Congress would now regard an appeal for the protec-

tion of the Territory,—and suggested to His Excellency the fact, that they were entitled to an Assembly of Representatives, under the Congressional ordinance of '87, which accorded them the right, whenever their free male inhabitants numbered five thousand. Two days afterwards, the Governor ordered an election of members to a Territorial Assembly; the election was held on the 22d and 23d of December; thirteen members were chosen from nine counties, Knox sending two, and the Assembly met in Knoxville on the 4th Monday of February, '94. On Monday nothing was done besides the appointment of the Speaker and Clerk. On Tuesday, a procession was formed of the members; and preceded by their Speaker and the Governor, they went to a place of worship, where the Rev. Mr. Carrick delivered a sermon, the text of which the curious in such matters may find in the 2d and 3d verses of the 1st chapter of Paul's Epistle to Titus. The citizens of Knoxville, for many years subsequent to its establishment, had but an occasional sermon, and we may conclude were better led to appreciate the value of the privilege; while to the people of the country, fifteen miles were considered but a trivial obstacle to attendance upon ministerial services. This public evidence of their religious respect given by the Assembly was in keeping with the general disposition of the people. The early inhabitants of the country felt, as did the leaders of the Revolution against Britain, that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and were deeply imbued with devout reliance upon Him, who is able "to break the arrow of the bow, the shield, the sword, and the battle." Who but men so impressed, would have dreamed of a chaplain to an army of 1500 or 1800 militia, bent on an arduous campaign through the most unfrequented wilds, against distant savages? Yet such was the case in the expedition of 1776, under the command of Col. Christian. He appointed Mr. Cummings,* a Presbyterian clergyman, chaplain, and the reverend gentleman marched the entire route.

The Assembly recommended to the Governor offensive measures against the Indians if possible, and adopted an address to Congress, recounting the grievances of their constituents and urging a declaration of war against the Creeks and Cherokees; and a bill was introduced into Congress, upon the presentment of the memorial at its ensuing session, for the relief of the Territory but eventually failed. Upon the conclusion of its labors, the Assembly was prorogued by the Governor to the 4th Monday in August, when it again met. Wisely regarding Learning as the handmaid of Religion, and essential to the perpetuity of liberal principles and free Government, in September they established a College in the vicinity of Knoxville, which was called "Blount," in honor of the Governor. The reasons for its establishment are given in brief but comprehensive terms in the preamble of the act, and just precedence rendered to the education of the morals.

"Whereas the Legislature of the Territory are disposed to promote the happiness of the people at large and especially of the rising generation, by instituting seminaries of education, where youth may be habit-

* Tradition differs as to the name of the chaplain. Mr. Rhea, the father of the late Hon. John Rhea, of Sullivan county, is asserted to have been the clergyman alluded to.

uated to an amiable, moral, and virtuous conduct, and accurately instructed in the various branches of useful science and in the principles of the ancient and modern languages."

The Rev. Mr. Carrick was appointed President. The original Trustees numbered many worthy and eminent men. They were, His Excellency Gov. Blount; Hon. Danl. Smith, Secretary of the Territory; Hon. David Campbell and Hon. Joseph Anderson, Territorial Judges; Gen. John Sevier, Willie Blount, and Archibald Roane, afterwards Governors of the State; Col. James White, Col. A. Kelly, Col. Wm. Cocke, Joseph Hamilton, Francis A. Ramsey, Charles McClung, George Roulstone, George McNutt, John Adair, and Robert Houston. The institution preserved its corporate existence until 1807, when the Trustees resolved, that provided the General Assembly established East Tennessee College within two miles of Knoxville, the act for the establishment of Blount College might be repealed and its funds incorporated with those of the former: and the resolution, by the compliance of the Legislature with this provision, was carried into effect. East Tennessee College was established by law on the 26th of October, 1807, as one of the two Colleges in the State for which 100,000 acres of land south of French Broad and Holston and west of Big Pigeon rivers, had been set apart by act of Congress the previous year. The act of the Legislature contemplated its establishment on ten acres of ground two miles from Knoxville, conveyed in trust for that purpose by Moses White; but the Trustees being authorized to use the building previously occupied by Blount College, it was retained in town and not removed until many years afterwards to the present site of the University.

At the same session, in '94, Knoxville was established by law, and Col. James King, John Chisolm, Joseph Greer, George Roulstone, and Samuel Cowan were appointed its commissioners. And whether for the encouragement of the growth of the town, or to repair recent disasters, and perpetuate the existence of the settlements which savage rapacity threatened to destroy, or from general motives of justice and propriety, the Assembly a few days afterwards passed an important act, that may perhaps lead the bachelors present to long for the return of such halcyon days. It was as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Representatives of the Territory of the United States of America, south of the river Ohio, That the tax on marriage licenses shall in future cease to be collected!"

We have previously remarked that after the expedition of Sevier, the Indians were less active in the prosecution of hostilities than before. In May, '94, strong professions of a disposition for peace were made by the Hanging Maw on behalf of the nation. Many of the upper towns had been and still were pacifically inclined and were soon led to assume decided friendly relations. In July, Mr. John Ish was killed and scalped a few yards from his block-house, eighteen miles below Knoxville; and John Boggs, with eight or ten Indians, under the direction of Maj. King, were instantly despatched in pursuit of the murderers. The trail of their flight was found and followed until the pursuing party was overtaken by a runner with the news that one of the fugitives was behind

at a village near Hiwassee. Abandoning all hope of overtaking the main body, Maj. King and his little company returned and found the solitary Creek of whom the runner had informed them. The Cherokees, among whom Willioe, Hanging Maw's son, was conspicuous, seized, bound, and guarded him with sleepless care until they had delivered him into the hands of the U. S. agent at Tellico. He was subsequently removed to Knoxville. The Governor issued a commission of *oyer and terminer* to Judge Anderson for his trial in virtue of the Treaty at New York in 1790, between the United States and the Creek nation. He was tried, condemned, and executed, and died with stoical indifference; but the revenge of his people which he threatened was ill-proportioned to the importance which the pomp and sonorousness of his name would import he held among them. He was designated in the bill of indictment, as Obonghohego of Toocaucagee on Oakfuskee.

The agency of Hanging Maw and others of the upper towns, in this and subsequent affairs, committed them to an alliance with the whites; but the men of the lower towns still preserved a warlike attitude and in July gave ready passage to a large party of Creeks on their way to invade the Holston settlements. One half of the Knox county militia was ordered out under Col. White, and the Upper Cherokees, whose squaws and children were removed to the north side of the Tennessee for safety, promised their aid to repel the inroad, but no important event resulted.

Several circumstances concurred about this time to impel the Cherokees to measures of amity. An expedition, commanded by Maj. Ore of East Tennessee, in September attacked and burned the towns of Neckajack and Running Water upon the Tennessee, where the Creeks usually crossed in their irruptions; and the destruction of the towns was attended with much loss of life to the savages. Another event that happened, to cool the hitherto inveterate ardor of the Hotspurs of the lower towns, was the victory of Gen. Wayne on the Miami in August, of which a few of them were witnesses; and they gravely reasoned that the northern Indians being quieted, Wayne's triumphant troops might be turned against their contumacious selves. To add to their apprehension was the current rumor of an early invasion of their country by a formidable body of men under the command of Gen. Logan and Col. Whitley of Kentucky. The 13th of October brought to Gov. Blount a peace talk from Double-Head, the hero of the slaughter at Cavet's Station, and who had just returned from a visit to the President. John Watts became deeply penitent, and solicited through Hanging Maw a conference with the Governor at Tellico. The conference was held on the 7th and 8th of November. Four hundred warriors were present. Watts indulged in repeated protestations of the amicable temper of the lower towns, offered the Governor a string of white beads as "a true talk and a public talk," from them, and appealed to Scoucutta to corroborate his assertions. Hanging Maw answered the appeal and interceded in their favor. The Governor received the overtures of friendship with much gratification. The 18th December was designated by agreement, for an exchange of prisoners and other spoils of war, and the meeting ended with the social enjoyment of a smoke by

the trio of head-men from the pipe of peace. Subsequent events did not belie the sincerity of these professions from the Cherokees as a nation; but the Creeks continued their ravages. One of their assaults upon a solitary family was repelled in a manner so illustrative of the self-possession and resolute courage which constant familiarity with danger had imparted to the females of that time, as to be worthy of mention.

On the night of the 25th of May, '95, Mr. George Mann, living twelve miles above Knoxville, heard a noise at his stable, and leaving his house to discover the cause, his return was intercepted by Indians, who fired upon and dangerously wounded him. He fled for concealment to a cave at a short distance, but was followed by the savages, dragged from his hiding-place, and slain. The wife had heard the retreating footsteps of the Indians as they pursued her husband, and having locked the door, sat in silent expectation, with her sleeping children around her. Soon she hears the tramp of approaching feet! Perhaps it is the neighbors, alarmed at the firing and coming to the rescue? She is about to rush out and meet them. But she hears their voices in a strange tongue.—'The horrible conviction seizes her that the savages are returning to the slaughter! The rifle is instantly in her hands. That morning she had learned the use of its triggers, and levelling it carefully at the crevice of the door near the lock, she waits the result. Stealthy steps are moving along the wall; the door is pressed against—it yields—is partly open—a savage is on his hands and knees at the entrance—another behind and still another. Her finger is upon the trigger—she thinks of her children and fires! The first Indian falls heavily to the ground—the second screams with pain—the others gather up the wounded and fly!

That lone woman, by her courage and presence of mind, had repulsed twenty-five savage warriors. Had a word escaped her lips after the explosion of the rifle, the lives of herself and children would have been lost. The perfect silence impressed the Indians, and believing armed men to be in the house, they fled.

In July, '95, notable events occurred, in the opening of the road from Knoxville to Nashville, so far as to allow the passage of a loaded wagon, and in the arrival at Knoxville of two wagons from South Carolina by way of the Warm Springs. Peace with its healing influences was dawning upon the Territory, so long distressed by a ruthless war; and the people rejoiced at the evidences of free and safe intercourse with each other and with adjoining States as the harbingers of rapidly increasing population and prosperity. So beset with dangers had been the path to Nashville, that the Territorial Assembly, in February, '94, had deemed it necessary to recommend to the Governor the provision of a guard for the protection of the Cumberland members on their return from Knoxville. Indeed the feeling of personal security in life and property had been so long an unknown thing to the settlers, that it must have been with irrepressible pleasure its return was hailed. The Governor had issued his proclamation for the meeting of the Territorial Legislature to consider the erection of the Territory into a State, and on the 29th of June the Assembly convened and provided by law for taking a census of the inhabitants, and, contingent upon the result of the enumeration, for the election of members to a convention to form a State Constitution. The inhabitants were found to number more than the requisite sixty

thousand, and elections of five delegates to the convention from each county were held on the 18th and 19th of December. The convention met at Knoxville on the 11th of January, '96, under fair auspices. At a conference with the Creeks and Cherokees at Tellico the previous October, universal peace was agreed upon, and it promised to reach something nearer within reasonable distance of perpetuity than the engagements of former treaties. The demands for remuneration, made by the Tennessee militia employed against the Indians, were met and satisfied by Col. Henley, agent of the War Department; emigrants were pouring into the Territory, and joy and contentment filled all its borders. The Constitution was adopted on the 6th of February, and on the 6th of June following, Tennessee was admitted by act of Congress into the Union. The Territorial Assembly had allowed two dollars and a half per day to each member of the Convention and the same for every thirty miles he might travel to and from Knoxville. The convention reduced this allowance nearly fifty per cent., and finally sealed their generosity and contempt of pecuniary considerations, by an unanimous resolution to receive *nothing* for their services. Their liberality has not since been paralleled.

The Constitution provided that Knoxville should be and remain the seat of Government until 1802. Subsequent Legislatures continued it so until 1807, when on the 21st of September, the Legislature met at Kingston; but, for reasons which in the estimation of the members were of considerable urgency, two days afterwards adjourned to Knoxville. The final removal of the seat of Government to Murfreesborough took place in 1817. Is the sceptre ever to return?

In '96, the town had progressed somewhat in population, and although its external appearance would but ill compare with that it now wears, it presented a favorable contrast to its condition soon after the treaty of Holston. The buidings were, without exception, of logs, not weatherboarded; and public and private were some forty in number;—of which five were taverns, showing the place to have been one of considerable resort. The stores were those of Col. McClellan, Joseph Greer, John Crozier, and the Messrs. Cowan. Roulstone's printing office occupied a spot that is now about the centre of business. The barracks stood on the highest point of the hill, and, with its port holes and uncovered platform, being simply a projection of the second floor a few feet from the walls of the building, running its whole length, presented an odd contour. The company of United States troops occupying it was under the command of Capt. Ricard, who was but a Lieutenant when the troops first reached here. The Capt., Carr by name, having been arrested by Ricard for drunkenness, resigned his office and the Lieutenant was promoted to it. The space of ground east of the barracks was unenclosed,—preserved cleanly swept by the soldiers,—and appropriated, in the absence of a room sufficiently capacious, to the public exhibitions of the students of Blount College. The scene, as described to us by a gentleman learned in all that relates to our ancient times, must have been strikingly unique. The stage erected against the wall of the barracks,—(a room of which was devoted to the use of the students who were to be the speakers of the day,)—the citizens pass-

ing by stately sentinels into the open area, where seats were prepared for their accommodation,—the silent throng standing with uncovered heads in prayer—then the voice of the Reverend President commanding in scholastic phrase the appearance of the youthful orator, and the bursts of martial music and the firing of cannon with which the intervals of juvenile display were enlivened,—all constitute a picture of early days, rich to us in novelty. The jail stood on the corner of Gay and Main Streets, now occupied by the Rail Road Bank, and although insufficient in size to exert much terror upon offenders against the laws, was more secure than many more imposing edifices. It was built of huge hewed logs, was about twelve feet in height, length, and width, and proved to its builder, as did the gallows prepared for Mordecai, to Haman, for he was its first occupant. The Court House, standing on the south side of Main Street a short distance east of Gay, was more respectable in appearance; but before the consent of the county was obtained to the erection of a new one, it became highly obnoxious by its dilapidation to the citizens, but more particularly to the lawyers. One of the latter, a frolicsome Irishman, determined to remove the universal pest by fire, not as Erostratus did the temple at Ephesus, for the sake of immortality, but from an anxious regard for the public comfort. And so, on a quiet winter night, when a deep snow was upon the earth, it was burned down, to the great satisfaction of the town after the first alarm had subsided. A citizen who lived near the burning mass, and who was of almost gigantic stature, with a proportional longitude of feet, was first at the fire, and walked around it again and again in the indulgence of an innocent curiosity. When the morning brought a crowd of citizens to look upon the ruins and dutifully hunt a clue to the detection of the offender, our mischievous Irish devotee of blacklettered lore was foremost in the search; and pointing to the foot-prints of the neighboring giant, as those of him who had burnt the house, he coolly declared it was “a nager, for no dacent white man would have such a fut as that.”

The detailed narrative of events, connected with Knoxville during the first few years of its existence, which we have given, because we thought it more appropriate to the occasion than any thing else we could offer, will convey some idea of the fearful and imminent perils amidst which its infancy was cradled. Nor have we failed we hope to give some faint impression of the more marked traits of character which its early inhabitants possessed in common with those of the Territory.—Their glowing love of country, their lofty independence, their devoted courage, their high religious trust, their zeal for education as the consequence of their deep regard for the welfare of their descendents; all challenge our applause—all demand our emulation. In those days, professions of esteem *pro bono publico* were sealed with active efforts, not suffered to evaporate in air. As if aware of the influence of assemblies of public servants upon the manners and morals of the people, they did not waste the hours of legislation in fruitless debates and rude personalities, but employed them in profitable labor, uninterrupted by frequent violations of parliamentary proprieties. The presence of such men in the seat of Government upon visits of business necessarily enhanced the air of refinement of which Knoxville originally partook in

a degree that would scarcely have been expected in a frontier village of a few years growth.

The subsequent history of the town is not without interest, but we have not made it our province to relate it. The year '97 was remarkable for the ravages in the neighborhood of the Harpes,—two brother-demons in human shape,—whose thirst for blood was a fierce, relentless appetite, that could only be whetted, not gorged, with victims.—Their series of murders appears to have had its commencement in this county. From here they passed into Kentucky, where the oldest, whose head was a paragon of hideousness, and who has been made the villain hero of a romance by Judge Hall of Cincinnati, consummated his career of crime.

The introduction of steam-boat navigation upon the Holston, giving a new impetus to the prosperity of Knoxville, and the terrible crisis of the fate of the town, when it reeled like a drunken man under the strong breath of the pestilence, will always be regarded by its friends with interest, but are familiar occurrences to all, and we may be pardoned for omitting such a notice of them as their importance deserve.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—This anniversary of our town's nativity, you properly signalize as a holiday. But in vain is it so,—in vain this universal joy and thronged assembly,—in vain the imposing procession and festal board; if we hail not the dawn of another half century upon the fortunes of Knoxville, with keener perceptions of our duty to each other, our Country, and our God, and with firmer purposes to perform them. Before us is the Future, with all its bright promises and undeveloped mysteries; and among its actors *we* are to mingle. Fifty years hence!—We too will have taken our positions on "that wide plain where the innumerable armies of the dead are encamped in stations which centuries have made." Another generation will here occupy our places and perhaps repeat the celebration in which we this day join.—But in all human probability how much larger the assembly. These suburbs may be crowned with substantial edifices, and the busy hum of thousands of voices rise from streets where now but hundreds mingle. This picture of external prosperity is pleasant, but graver questions occur.

"What constitutes a State ?

Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or mounted gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No: men, high minded men;—

* * * * *
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

Will the generation that here moves and acts fifty years hence, be worthy the inheritance of freedom? Simple in their habits—of unbending virtue—deeply imbued with an ardent Patriotism and a sublime

Faith? Fellow citizens:—Your hands may spin the warp of their destiny. You may make or mar their fate. The streams of your influence,—of each and all—humble or haughty—as sure as the light of to-morrow, will glide down the coming half-century, mingling as they go, and sweeten or embitter the hearts and lives of your children's children. Eloquently has it been written:—"It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end. What is done is done; has already blended itself with the ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time."

Fellow citizens:—Let us enter upon the Future with this high and solemn thought ever-present with us, urging us to union of action in promoting the common good—beautifying our social intercourse with pleasant charities, and moving us to all noble conceptions and worthy deeds.

LETTER FROM HUGH DUNLAP, ESQ.

PARIS, TEN., January 19, 1842.

MR. EASTMAN—*Dear Sir*: In your paper of the 22d ult. and the 5th inst. I observed arrangements making for the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of Knoxville. I am the only man, whom I know to be alive, who was living there when the lots were laid off.—It would be a source of unmixed pleasure to be present at the celebration, if my health and the weather permitted. I could not conceive a higher gratification than to meet at the festive board the children of those adventurous and worthy men who first settled Knoxville, and who were the more endeared to me by the very perils incident to its settlement.

At the treaty of Holston, in 1791, there were no houses except shanties put up for the occasion to hold Government stores. Gen. James White lived in the neighborhood, and had a block-house to guard his family. At the treaty of Holston they used river water entirely, until Trooper Armstrong discovered the spring to the right of the street leading from the court-house to what is now called Hardscrabble. He at the time requested Gen. White, in a jest, to let him have the lot including the spring when a town was laid off; and when the town was laid off the General preserved the lot and made him a deed to it.—These facts were told me by Gen. White himself, for I was not present at the treaty.

I left Philadelphia, with my goods, in December, 1791, and did not reach Knoxville until about the 1st of February, 1792. I deposited my goods and kept store in the house used by the Government at the treaty, though I believe the treaty itself was made in the open air. At the time I reached Knoxville, Samuel

there; John Chisolm kept a house of entertainment; and a man named McLemee was living there. These men, with their families, constitute the inhabitants of Knoxville when I went there. Gov. Blount lived on Barbary Hill, a knoll below College Hill, and between it and the river. It was then approached from town by following the meanders of the river. The principal settlements in the county were on Beaver Creek. All the families lived in forts pretty much in those days; and, when the fields were cultivated, there was always a guard stationed around them for protection. There was a fort at Campbell's Station, which was the lowest settlement in East Tennessee. The next fort and settlement were at Blackburn's west of the Cumberland Mountains; the next at Fort-Blount, on the Cumberland river; the next was a fort at Bledsoe's Lick; and then the French Lick, now Nashville.

The land on which Knoxville is built, belonged to Gen. White. In February, 1792, Col. Charles McClung surveyed the lots and laid off the town. I do not recollect on what day of the month. It excited no particular interest at the time. The whole town was then a thicket of brushwood and grape vines, except a small portion in front of the river, where all the business was done. There never was any regular public sale of the lots; Gen. White sold any body a lot, who would settle on it and improve it, for eight dollars; and in this way, and at this price, the lots were generally disposed of.

In the year 1793 the Creeks and Cherokees leagued together and raised an army under old Watts, a half breed, the head of the Cherokee nation, to destroy the white settlements. There were said to have been 1500 men under Watts. Double Head was a mere subordinate under Watts, though his fame has been more lasting and wide spread, because of his vindictive and ferocious character towards the whites, and his turbulence among his own people. They marched as far as Cavet's, seven miles from Knoxville, and made an attack upon his house. After resisting for some time the assaults of the Indians, Cavet, his son, and a militia man, the only men in the block house, capitulated under a promise that the family should be spared. After they surrendered they were murdered, and the mother, two grown daughters, and perhaps some small children, were brutally despoiled and butchered.—This massacre, though horrid and heart-rending, was the salvation of Knoxville and the whole circumjacent country, for their force was powerful enough to have overrun and depopulated the white settlements. The Creeks committed the murder, against the wishes of the Cherokees—a dispute arose among them about it—Watts refused to proceed farther, and the whole army of savages was virtually disbanded, and they returned to their villages and wigwams. A child of Cavet's was not killed at the block house. It was taken prisoner—two Creeks claimed it—they had their tomahawks drawn on each other, when a third party, to quiet the rival claims, tomahawked the child. It was thought for some years the child was living, but the Indians afterwards told all the circumstances.

In 1793, the first Government troops were stationed in Knoxville under the command of Capt. Carr, a revolutionary officer; his Lieutenant, Ricard, had him arrested, a few months after their arrival, for

drunkenness. Carr was chagrined at the efforts of his Lieutenant to supplant him and resigned, and Ricard was promoted to Carr's office. They built their barrack where Etheldred Williams has since erected a brick house, opposite the Courthouse. I believe the Convention of 1796 sat in it.

In 1793, Col. Christy, who was commanding the U. S. troops at Knoxville, died, and was buried with martial and masonic honor on what is now College Hill. It was a magnificent procession—by far the most splendid funeral that had ever been witnessed in the Territory.—In the same year died Titus Ogden, a merchant, and paymaster to the troops and of the Indian annuities which Gov. Blount was Superintendent of, the four tribes of Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Choctaws. I mention the death and burial place of these two men, as I have been told, that in digging the foundation for the College, two skeletons were exhumed, and supposed to have been those of Indians buried there. They were no doubt the bones of Col. Christy and Titus Ogden. I was at the burial of both, and did not suppose that the graves of two men, so noted in their day, and buried “with all the pomp and circumstance of war,” would have been so soon forgotten. Col. King and myself were, at the time, and for several years afterwards, commissaries for all the troops stationed in East Tennessee.

After the county had increased in population sufficiently to protect itself, in a great measure, from the incursions of the Indians, it was kept in constant alarm for some time by the depredations of the Harps, two men who were fugitives from their native State. They made a crop on Beaver Creek, and furnished the butcher in Knoxville, old John Miller, for some months with hogs, sheep, and cattle they had stolen from their neighbors. They afterwards secreted themselves and made marauding expeditions against the lives and property of the citizens. One of them had two wives, sisters of the name of Rice. The first man they killed in Knox county was young Coffee, on Beaver Creek.—Johnson was their next victim, murdered within two miles of Knoxville. I had attempted to take them on several occasions and they killed Bullard under the impression it was me. They killed Bradbury afterwards, who, I believe, was the father of Gen. Bradbury of the Senate. They left Knox county in 1797 or 8, and their villanies made their subsequent history notorious.

I beg you to excuse the length of this letter—I cannot think of those early times without in some degree living them over again. I understand a distinguished literary gentleman of your county is collecting materials to write the early history of Tennessee. I hope he may not falter in an undertaking where the materials are so rich and the fame so certain.

Very respectfully,

HUGH DUNLAP

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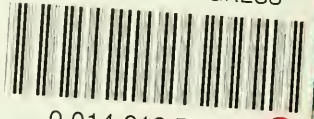
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